Building. It is made after the Roman palaces of the Fifteenth century, and it consists of a series of big rooms around a great central court, covering an acre. This court is much like the court of St. Mark's, in Venice, save that St. Mark's has only the Italian sky to roof it, while the Pension court is protected from the cold winds by a sky of glass, and its immense glass roof is upheld by eight mighty brick columns higher than any city house outside of a flat, and thicker than any tree in America outside of California. Each of these columns contains enough brick to build two good-sized houses, and in the ages of the future they may stand here like obelisks, when the rest of the building has crumbled into ruins.

Around this great court are arcades rising, gallery above gallery, and opening out from the three stories of rooms. Some of the columns of these are gilded or bronzed. The finish of the court, the columns and the walls is in white; the great diamond-glass roof is set in framed mosaic of yellow, and the great acre of floor is of colored tiles. In the center of the whole a great fountain sends up a silvery spray, and the whole is one of the curiosities of architecture. It was in this building that the last two inaugural balls have been held, and it is here that the great balls of the future Presidents will be celebrated. At present the floor is filled with great cases of files, and you may walk for a mile in and out through the aisles surrounded by these great cases of pension papers.

In these old papers may be found the names of the most noted men in our history. Blaine's great-grandmother got a pension, and Presidents Grant and Lincoln received land for their services in the Mexican and the Black Hawk wars. Robert E. Lee got 160 acres of land for the work he did as a colonel in our war with Mexico, and Jefferson Davis received the same amount for his services. The Mexican war pensions are fast dying out, and there are at present but few revolutionary widows on the pension rolls. About five years ago there were eighty. The number is now reduced to twenty-nine, and three of these are ninety-seven years of age. They are Anna Maria Young, of Pennsylvania; Nancy Rains, of Vermont, and Susan Curtis, of Maine. They must have been married to their husbands long after the revolutionary war, for they were only seven years old at the beginning of this century, and the war closed seventeen years before that. The youngest revolutionary widow is Nancy Green, an Indiana woman of seventy-one. She was born in 1819, and her husband must have been gray-haired when she married. Mrs. Grant and Mrs. Garfield are the only Presidents' wives who now receive pensions. They get $5,000 a year by a special act of Congress. Mrs. President Lincoln got $3,000 a year from 1870 to 1882. The amount was then increased to $5,000, and this it continued until her death. The daughter of President Taylor gets $50 a month, and she receives this for Gen. Taylor's services in the Mexican war. Among the noted widows of generals of the late war who receive pensions are those of E. D. Baker, Whipple, Sumner, Robert Anderson, the hero of Fort Sumter; of George H. Custer, the Indian fighter; of Daniel McCook and Frank P. Blair. Mrs. John A. Logan gets $40 a week, by special act of Congress, and the widow of Admiral Farragut receives $2,000 a year in the same way. Phil Kearney's widow did get $30 a month, but I am told she has married again and the sum now goes to her children. Mrs. General Hancock gets a pension, and there are a number of other soldiers' widows who have been pensioned by special act of Congress.

* * *

I chatted last night with Senator Blair of New Hampshire about the revision of the Presbyterian Church creed, by which the more advanced thinkers take the worst elements of hell out of their religion, and Blair told me the story of his wonderful fight with brimstone damnation. He is the offspring of Puritan parents, and his boyhood was passed in an old farm-house in New Hampshire, in the garret of which there was a library of theological works advocating foreordained hell for the non-elect. This light reading formed Senator Blair's first intellectual pabulum. Said he: "I read at those books before that open fire, and I remember that when I was about nine years old I got it into my head that I had committed the unpardonable sin. This unpardonable sin was, you know, one of the cardinal points of the old theology. The books did not state what this sin was, and the preachers did not seem to know, but it was as certain as death that he who committed it could have no forgiveness, and that he was foreordained to the hottest fires of the lower regions for an eternity of ages. Well, I thought I had committed it. I thought I was bound to be damned, and for weeks I lost sleep at night and worried and fretted all the day over my condition. I think I should have gone crazy if I had not gotten relief, and my relief came from an old volume on the unpardonable sin. These consisted of sermons by a learned divine, and in them it was stated that the fact that a person thought he had committed the unpardonable sin was an evidence that he had not committed it, for if he had committed it, being damned already, the fires of repentance could not touch his heart, and he would go on blindly to his destruction. This relieved me greatly, and after a time my dread of the sin passed away and I regained my usual health. I shall never forget the terror, though, that I felt, and I am glad to say that religion grows more liberal as the world grows older."

* * *

I met ex-Postmaster-general Creswell in the National Metropolitan Bank, in Washington, yesterday. He is one of the finest looking men in the capital city. Tall, broad-shouldered and white-whiskered, his clear blue eyes look out from under a broad, high forehead, and his tread is as firm and his step as active as it was when he was a member of the United States Senate, in 1865. The last time I met him was at Mount McGregor, where he had gone to attend Grant's funeral. He was an intimate friend of Grant, and he is one of the General's most ardent admirers. After a few moments our conversation turned upon Grant, and he said:

"Grant was the greatest general I have ever known, and of all the great men of my acquaintance I consider him the greatest. He was great as a statesman, when you judge him by the soldier-statesman standard, and some of his acts and sayings as President are quoted to-day. He was a great writer, and there are few works that will compare in simplicity and beauty with his Memoirs. His state papers were equally well written, and he wrote all his messages with his own hand, excepting those parts which he got from his Cabinet officers. In preparing the paragraphs relating to the Postoffice and other departments he would give directions to his Cabinet to condense their reports, and would insert such condensation in his messages."

"Did he advise much with his Cabinet?" I asked.

"Yes. He had his own opinion and his own policy, but he advised with his Cabinet on all matters relating to the various departments over which they were placed. I was at the head of the Postoffice Department, and I found him always ready to change his views whenever sufficient reasons could be given him for a change. He was quick to take advantage of the moment, and he decided upon matters usually as they came before him. Speaking of his readiness in writing his messages and his quickness of decision, a remarkable instance occurred at the time of the opening of the Franco-Prussian war. It was the last night of the congressional session, and President Grant, with his Cabinet, was at the Capitol signing bills when the news came. Now, the great German steamship line feared that its ships would be captured by the French and that it would not be able to carry on its voyages from Germany to America. Its owners made a proposition to change the line to an American line, to have it carry the American flag, and to take our mails from America to the continent. Under the American flag it would be safe from seizure by France, and it would give us one of the greatest steamship lines of the world. This offer from the line came to President Grant at the Capitol. The subject was proposed to his Cabinet, and turning to me he asked what I thought of the proposition from a postal stand-point. I told him, and he asked me to put my views in writing. He then turned to Hamilton Fish and asked him to write out his views on the subject from a diplomatic stand-point. We both did so, and we both favored the taking of the line. General Grant took the two statements and rapidly wrote an introduction and a conclusion to them. He then sent this in to the Senate as a message. In it he advised the taking of the line, and had Congress acted upon his advice the American flag to-day would float over some of the finest ships of the world, and the interests of American trade would have been furthered by this."

"Do you still think, General, that the United States would have been benefited by the re-election of President Grant?"

"I do. General Grant was a man of steady growth. He was a careful observer, and the effect of his foreign tour and his intercourse with the great statesmen of the world and his knowledge gained from his observation of the governments of other countries would have made him an invaluable President. Had he been nominated he would surely have been elected, and he would have done more to bring the South and the North together than any other man possibly could have done. This was his great desire in his thinking of a possible re-election."

* * *

I here referred to the Chicago convention which nominated Garfield and to the wonderful perseverence of the noted 306, of whom Postmaster-general Creswell was one.

"Referring to the speech Mr. Conkling made on this occasion," said Postmaster-general Creswell, "Roscoe Conkling was a great man, but he lacked the adaptability of a politician. That speech at Chicago was a great one, but it had lines in it here and there that offended the Sherman and Blaine men where it should have conciliated them. It was, however, Conkling, and Conkling was not a diplomate. I believe that he might have been President had it not been for his proud nature, which would not permit him to bend. He had the chance in Cincinnati, when Hayes was nominated, but he did not take it. Referring to his Chicago speech, you remember the opening. After that great assembly had become quiet, in clear tones he recited that verse of poetry which took the convention by storm, and following which there was an applause lasting for nearly a quarter of an hour. He said:

"You ask me whence my candidate,
The answer it shall be,
He comes from Appomatox
And its famous apple tree.

"How they did cheer, and how the Sherman men and the Blaine men hissed. The words went round the country by telegraph, and created a responsive thrill in every Grant-loving heart. It was one of the great introductions to great historic speeches, and I have never seen its original published. Conkling got this verse from Tom Murphy, some months before the convention. He and Murphy were out riding, and Murphy told him he would like to read him over a poem or two which he had written. This verse was in one of the poems, and Conkling, as he heard it, said it was a good thing, and stored it away in his brain for future use. Like all great speakers, he was continually studying for the future, and I doubt whether he ever prepared a better sentence in advance for an extempore speech than this."

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

Written for the Sunday Journal.

"A Rose by Any Other Name."

First the teacher called the roll,
Clos't to the beginnin'
"Addeliney Bowersox!"
Set the school a-grinnin'.
Winter-time, and stingin' cold
When the session took up—
Cold as we all looked at *her*,
Though *she* couldn't look up!

Total stranger to us, too—
Country-folks aint allus
Nigh so shameful unpolite
As some people call us,—
But the honest facts is *then*,
Addeliney Bower-
Sox's feelin's was so hurt
She cried half an hour!

My dest was acrost from her'n:
Set and watched her tryin'
To p'tend she didn't keer,
And a-kind o' dryin'
Up her tears with smiles—tel I
Thought: "Well, '*Addeliney Bowersox*' is plain, but *she's*
Purty as a piney!"

It's be'n many of a year
Sence that most oncommon
Cur'ous name o' Bowersox
Struck me so abomin-
Nubble and outlandish-like;
I changed it to Adde-
Liney Daubenspeck—and *that*
Nearly killed her daddy!

—James Whitcomb Riley.

NEW PROCESS OF MAKING GAS.

Experiments with Bituminous Coal—Fuel Gas at 45 Cents Per 1,000 Feet.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Henry Flad, president of the Board of Public Improvements, and a number of interested capitalists, met yesterday at the office of the new fuel gas company, No. 919 Olive street, when Benjamin Brazelle, the constructing engineer of the company, explained the plan by which gas is to be made to sell at a good profit for 45 cents per thousand. After detailing the successful experiments made with the apparatus of his invention at Paris, Ill., Mr. Brazelle said:

"The heat energy of bituminous coal is as great as that of anthracite, of equal purity, but in practice not utilized, by reason of incomplete combustion in the use of crude coal. The screenings or refuse of all coal contain the richest part of the fuel, and, being purer carbon, they more readily chip off than that containing slate, iron, sulphur, etc. Whatever the fuel used, it is only the gases of the fuel from which heat is obtained. The full energy of bituminous coal is made available by converting it into gaseous forms. By the process controlled by this company the refuse or screenings of soft coal, where available to best advantage, constitute the sole fuel for generating a fuel gas at the lowest possible cost. As in no other process, all the tar and other gas-producing properties of the coal are converted into gas, and in the process of conversion no heat is lost, and the least energy expended. The new process accomplishes and makes practical the same ideas that have been recognized in other industries as in keeping with the progress of the age, and with powerful engine and air-blast operated in connection with furnaces of generous capacity, wherein all kinds of solid fuel, from the costly anthracite to the cheap slack of soft coal may be converted into gaseous form, absolutely converting into a standard combustible fuel gas of high heating capacity and concentrated volume, all of the properties of the fuel, tar, hydrocarbons and all in one and the same apparatus, without any transfer or opening of apparatus for firing or other purposes, thereby avoiding the loss of large volumes of gas and heat not otherwise obtained, the whole process and operation being such that the entire heat value of the fuel used is transferred to the gas generated, less only the small amount of energy required for the conversion. The entire operation of producing 1,000,000 feet of gas per day is conducted by four men, and is capable of being increased four or five times with but the increase of mechanical appliance and a little additional labor."

The Care of Dogs.

Boston Transcript.

The proposition now urged before the legislative committee is that the law should require dogs running at large to be muzzled all the year round, in the heat of summer and the cold of winter. Such a law would be cruel and would intensify the very evil it sought to prevent. In some parts of Germany, notably in Bavaria, the much wiser system of prevention prevails. The police make a most careful inquiry into the physical condition of every dog before it is licensed to run at large. This inquiry is under the direction of a government veterinarian: regular record books are kept. If the veterinarian decides that the dog's physical condition predisposes him to hydrophobia the dog is killed. By this method of examination and registration bad strains of blood have been eradicated and the community have been protected. Rather let us imitate Bavaria as far as to introduce methods of prevention rather than methods of aggravation.

That Was an Easy One.

New York Weekly.

Mr. Rumnose (looking up from his paper)—See here, Mr. Coldwater, how do you explain this? Here is an account of the sudden death of an athlete, a man who never drank a drop of liquor in his life, a model of physical health, the paper says, and yet he dropped dead at the age of thirty. It wasn't liquor that time, now was it?

Mr. Coldwater—What was he doing?

"He was in a merry party of friends and was singing 'Down Went McGinty.'"

"Oh! Direct visitation of Providence most likely."

TALES TOLD AT THE OPERA

A Weak-Brained Child of Fashion Taught a Lesson by a Boston Girl.

Rich Pickings That Western Train-Robbers Might Find in New York—A Case in Which a Man's Intentions Were Misunderstood.

Special Correspondence of the Indianapolis Journal.

NEW YORK, March 1.—A swell girl may not dance in Lent, but she may go to the opera, and that is why the three semicircles of boxes at the Metropolitan are all a-buzz with gossip. The season of social festivity has so recently expired that its themes are still fresh, and the opera is a favorite place for chatter. Not only do the beaux go from box to box during the performance, but the belles, too, interchange visits. So I will write of what I heard said at the Metropolitan in a single evening. Of course, it will give a trivial and thoughtless insight of "society," but if the reader will please to consider that, underneath all this froth, there is a greater quantity of good, admirable and sedate material, no injustice will have been done. To begin with, here is a story that was told of a girl with a well-known family name: There is a youth of twenty-one among the fashionable people who is not regarded with any seriousness by anyone besides himself, for his whole employment in life consists of dressing with absurd elegance and exhibiting himself on the promenades and in the play-houses. One of his particularly painful peculiarities is that he never wears an overcoat on a cold day. There are perhaps fifty young men out of the entire population of New York that affect this fashion voluntarily, but he is the most noticeable, for he is very thin, and conveys the impression that a smart breeze would pass through him. Added to his disdain for the overcoat, this young man staggers under a truly comprehensive affection for all womankind. It is generally supposed that he has proposed already for the hand of every desirable girl in society, and has been quickly refused in all sorts of fashions. About a week ago he offered his hand and fortune to a splendid young woman of twenty-five or more, who was on here from Boston visiting, and whom he had only known for a day or so. He saw the lady walking on the avenue, one afternoon, and dashing up to her begged permission to walk with her. His request was granted, and two blocks further on the proposal of marriage was formally made. At first the Boston girl was astonished, and then she was amused.

"I don't think you need a wife," said she, smiling.

"Oh yes, I do, don't you know," exclaimed the youth. "I'm getting awfully wild, and I need a wife ever so much to keep me within bounds."

"But I think you need something else, before you get a wife," went on the Boston girl.

"And what is that?" eagerly asked the dude.

"An overcoat," replied the maiden.

After some hours of reflection the boy got it through his head that the Boston girl had made game of him.

"I say," he said to her when he met her at a dance that night; "I think you are an awfully cold girl."

The maiden laughed, and replied: "Oh, you find me so because you don't dress warm enough."

And now the dude is having an overcoat made, for he says that he believes girls have suddenly taken an aversion to men who do not wear them.

* * *

One rumor that went the round of the boxes that night at the opera was that a diamond brooch, one of the finest in Mrs. William Astor's collection, had been stolen.

"It happened this way," said the informant. "You know that she has a watchman who keeps in protective distance whenever she goes to or departs from a public gathering at which she wears valuable jewels. Well, at the Bradley-Martin ball, somehow or other, a thief was substituted for this guardian, and he managed to steal the brooch."

"Is that so?" I exclaimed.

"Oh, yes," was the reply.

But it was not so, as I soon ascertained, and I quote it only to show how much more trustworthy is the news that is printed than that which is spoken. Some night, however, there is going to be a big crime in connection with some social affair. A bold and well-planned raid will be made in Fifth avenue on an Astor or Vanderbilt carriage, a hundred thousand dollars' worth of diamonds will be jerked from the person of the lady inside, and the highwaymen will likely escape with their plunder. As I glanced around at the matrons in half a dozen boxes and tried to estimate the value of the jewels in sight, I marveled why some of those Western gangs of train-robbers did not come out of the wilderness into New York for feasible plunder.

* * *

That a man's intentions in staring at a pretty woman can be greatly misunderstood had good proof, according to a story told by a lady at the opera. In a restaurant on Fifth avenue, the room was pretty much deserted save for the presence of an unaccompanied girl, who ate toast and tea at one table, and a good-looking young man who dissected a canvas-back duck at another. When the young man had demolished his bird he sat back in his chair and for the first time his gaze fell upon the the girl eating toast. An expression of evident interest sprang into his face, and he fixed his eyes upon the girl's countenance and studied it with an avidity that was observable to the waiters standing about and was not lost upon the young lady herself. The latter cast a swift glance at the starer and then began to fidget under his steady gaze. The blood mounted to her face and she stopped eating. After a moment she summoned a waiter, and informed him that she wished to move to another table out of range of the insolent man's vision. While in process of doing this the cause of her discomfiture seemed to suddenly realize that he had annoyed her, and when she shot a look of disdain upon him he was sure of it. He quickly drew a card from his pocket and scribbled something on the back of it. Then, paying his check and getting into his overcoat, he walked directly over to the young lady's table and placed the card before her.

"It is your duty," said he, "to read that card. You have no right to consider yourself insulted, when you have not been in the least."

Without waiting for a reply the gentleman left the room. After waiting a few moments, the girl caught up the card and read it. It bore the name of one of the best painters of the country, and the writing upon it was as follows:

"I have been looking for a perfect nose for nearly a year without success. My last picture needs one badly. As I looked up suddenly from my duck your nose was sharply outlined against the window-pane. If you have suddenly come upon the object for which your heart had longed through many months, you will be able to imagine my sensations when I discovered your nose. I scrutinized it long enough to make a vivid mental note of it. But I am forced to say that it is better in its natural form than when turned up in disdain."

The girl crushed the card between her fingers and carefully put it in her portmonnaie. Then she dashed out of the restaurant. "And if Julia encounters that artist again in her travels," said the narrator, "I am inclined to think that he will be master of the situation."

* * *

In one box sat a young author of note in New York, whose face is extraordinary for its pure Greek beauty, and he provided a topic for comment. This is the reason: A book-dealer on Broadway begged the father of the young man to permit him to exhibit a fine portrait of him in his window. The father, who is especially proud of the boy's good looks, readily acquiesced, and a few days afterward the painting appeared in the window and attracted a copious amount of attention and comment from passers-by. Among all that gazed upon the young man's handsome features none was so deeply interested as the father, who made a practice of going every morning at a certain hour, in rain and in shine, to view the picture and listen to the compliments that it elicited from strangers. One day he went as usual to the shop, and carefully put on his glasses to enjoy the painting. Instantly he started back in astonishment, for the portrait was gone from the window. Hurrying into the shop he confronted the proprietor of the place, and asked him excitedly, what had become of his son's portrait.

"My dear sir," said the shopkeeper, "I was compelled to take it from the window. It was spoiling my business and irritating all my employes."

"Why, what do you mean, sir," sputtered the irate father. "How could my boy's picture harm your business?"

"I will tell you if you will be calm," replied the book-dealer. "You see your son is unusually handsome, so handsome, indeed, that for the last number of weeks this store has been beset from morning till night by young women who wanted to ask about him. Every time the door opened it was to let in some girl who inquired who the gentleman in the window was. This was our only reason for removing the portrait, and we certainly meant no disrespect to your talented son."

The old father smiled. The idea pleased him. He ordered the painting sent home, and at the opera he was telling the story with great gusto to his intimate friends.

* * *

An assertion discussed by a box-full of swell women was that it is more dangerous for a pretty woman to go on the streets alone during the daytime than at night. From personal observation one matron declared that the time would come ere long when New York parents will adopt the rule of the French and never permit a young woman to go on the street alone without an attendant. I do not know whether the advent of so many foreigners here has brought about the present reprehensible system of street mashing, but certain it is that ladies while walking are now exposed to more rudeness than ever before. Several mashers have been complained of to the police lately, and a few arrests have been made. It is a fact that those arrested have all been foreigners. A very shrewd girl was disposed to rate her own sex for the increase of the petty depravity. "I believe," said she, "that this city has its full share of good and dignified men and women, but I also know that there are thousands of women who influence badly the habits of the street. As our careless men go about they find at every turn some woman who encourages them to be insulting. The light-weights among them gradually grow to consider the entire female sex from one point of view, and end by being impudent to any woman that at all attracts their fancies. And that is why you see men sidle up alongside of a pretty girl when she stops to look in at a shop-window, or crowd unnecessarily close to her in a street-car. She may despise their advances, but she is compelled to suffer an infliction reared by her own sex. Those insulting men have on more than one occasion been met with encouragement, and not being philosophers have taken the contemptible smiles of unworthy women as signs of the best feminine preference. I certainly do blame my own sex for the increase of masculine brutality. There will surely be wholly admirable men in a city like New York, but beastliness must have something to feed upon, and can do no more than exist in a passive state if it finds no means of sustenance."

I found considerable truth in these words when, next day, my attention was attracted to a truly royal example of the female sex walking alone on Fifth avenue. She was a young, tall, golden haired girl, a perfect beauty, and her features were as delicate and high bred as those of an ideal princess. As she moved grandly along a man with black, ugly eyes, a short pointed beard, and an air of inexpressible conceit, came up swiftly from behind and passed her. As he did so he deliberately turned and stared at her face, not for an instant merely, but protractedly and insolently, in the unmistakable manner of the professional masher. The lovely girl was an honor to her sex at that moment. She held her head at the same angle as before, gazed proudly straight ahead, and never gave the slightest sign that the staring brute was in the world. Within a half minute the masher dropped behind and gave up the game. It was easy enough to see then that if all young women were as safe in their own pride as that fair girl, street-mashing would be a starvation employment in very short order.

CLARA BELLE.

The Violet Star.

"I have always lived, and I always must,"
The sergeant said, when the fever came;
From his burning brow we washed the dust,
And we held his hand, and we spoke his name.

"Millions of ages have come and gone,"
The sergeant said, as we held his hand;
"They have passed like the mist of the morning dawn
Since I left my home in that far-off land."

We bade him hush, but he gave no heed—
"Millions of orbits I crossed from far—
Drifted as drifts the cottonwood seed;
I came," said he, "from the Violet Star."

"Drifting in cycles from place to place—
I'm tired," said he, "and I'm going home
To the Violet Star, in the realms of space,
Where I loved to live, and I will not roam—

For I've always lived, and I always must,
And the soul in roaming may roam too far;
I have reached the verge that I dare not trust,
And I'm going back to the Violet Star."

The sergeant hushed, and we fanned his cheek;
There came no word from that soul so tired;
The bugle rang from the distant peak,
As the morning dawned and the pickets fired.

The sergeant was buried as soldiers are;
And we thought all day, as we marched through the dust;
His spirit has gone to the Violet Star—
He always has lived, and he always must.

—From "Rhymes of Ironquill," Topeka, Kan.

The Milestone.

Men and women, a shifting crowd, we hasten by,
Less changeful moves a summer cloud across the sky.
But firmly by the broad highway,
Is set the milestone worn and gray,
Let him who will its legend read,
Or idly glance, or scorn to heed;
Yet it whispers to every one.
Just so much of the journey done.

Just so much of the journey done ere falls the night;
Tired feet their way have hither won, and footsteps light.
Here troop the children warm with play,
Here fondly dreaming lovers stray.
Fair as young hope do buds of spring
About the ancient milestone cling;
Still it marks in the morning sun,
Just so much of the journey done.

Soft and slow, like a mourner's tears, there falls the rain;
Through misty, half-forgotten years love looks in vain.
Grief-laden showers, ye may not raise
The withered flowers of other days;
Yours will it rather be to shrine
The bow whose promise is divine
When at last in the setting sun,
The milestone tells the journey done.

—The Argosy.

Daffodils—Before Season.

Ah!
I dream the Spring a wizard wine distills,
And fills
Many an outheld chalice drained long since,
And prints
On each a kiss. Who drink of this divine
New wine
Begin to mingle thronging words both glad
And sad:
So rippling laughters dashed with sudden tears,
She hears,
As on she fares. Be mine the drop she spills!
Ah!
I dream! . . . I smell the breath of daffodils!

—Edith M. Thomas, in the Critic.

"The Rest in Silence."

When the loved voice is heard no more,
Whose failing tones were doubly dear,
There falls upon the listening ear
A silence never felt before.

It is not that the senses strain
To catch a sound they may not hear;
It is the grieving spirit's ear
That longs and listens still in vain.

And lo! this silence, sudden grown,
Threads every cry of joy or fear;
All wonted sounds that greet the ear
Break with a wailing undertone.

—Joseph B. Gilder, in Harper's Magazine for March.

No Doubt of It.

Philadelphia Press.

The Hudson county ballot frauds grow worse and worse. The Democratic papers have always charged fraud in the presidential election of 1888, and we have no doubt that New Jersey was carried for Cleveland by just such frauds as those now exposed.

MRS. PARTINGTON'S RETURN

The Seven Pollies Brings Her Home and She Lands on Her Native Soil.

The Newspapers Show Great Interest and Interviews Are Eagerly Sought—It Is Decided that Ike Shall Go to Sea with Capt. Si.

BY B. P. SHILLABER.

CHAPTER X.

A sedulous ship-news reporter, while mousing about the wharves for news, after midnight, discovered the arrival of the Seven Pollies, with Mrs. Partington on board, and, giving the fact away, there were seventeen reporters, two hours before daylight, tumbling into the cabin. Capt. Pelton rushed out of his state-room, armed with a shotgun.

"What the devil do you want?" said he.

"Mrs. Partington," was the unanimous reply.

"Can't be seen—sick with a malignant distemper—got it myself, and if you don't go you'll catch it," said the captain, nervously handling his gun.

They left without more ado, but stationed a picket guard on the wharf and left to record the arrival of Mrs. Partington in the morning papers, with a full account of her dangerous illness, even to a diagnosis of her disease, which was described as being of a most malignant type.

The first thing after the papers appeared, a health officer came running down the wharf, and stopped Ike as he was going ashore to buy a pint of fresh milk for breakfast.

"Don't come ashore," said the official, "till we've seen what this malignancy means," and he pushed the boy back on the deck.

Captain Si, hearing the talk, came up the companion way to learn the cause.

"Are you the captain?" he was asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, why didn't you stop at quarantine?"

"Why should I?"

"'Cause you've got malignant disease on board."

"Who said so?"

"The papers."

"Oh, I see. Yes, we all were malignant when waked before daylight by a band of reporters. Come on board and see for yourself."

He entered the cabin where Mrs. Partington was sitting at breakfast, partaking it with all equanimity without a trace of disease about her. She received him very graciously.

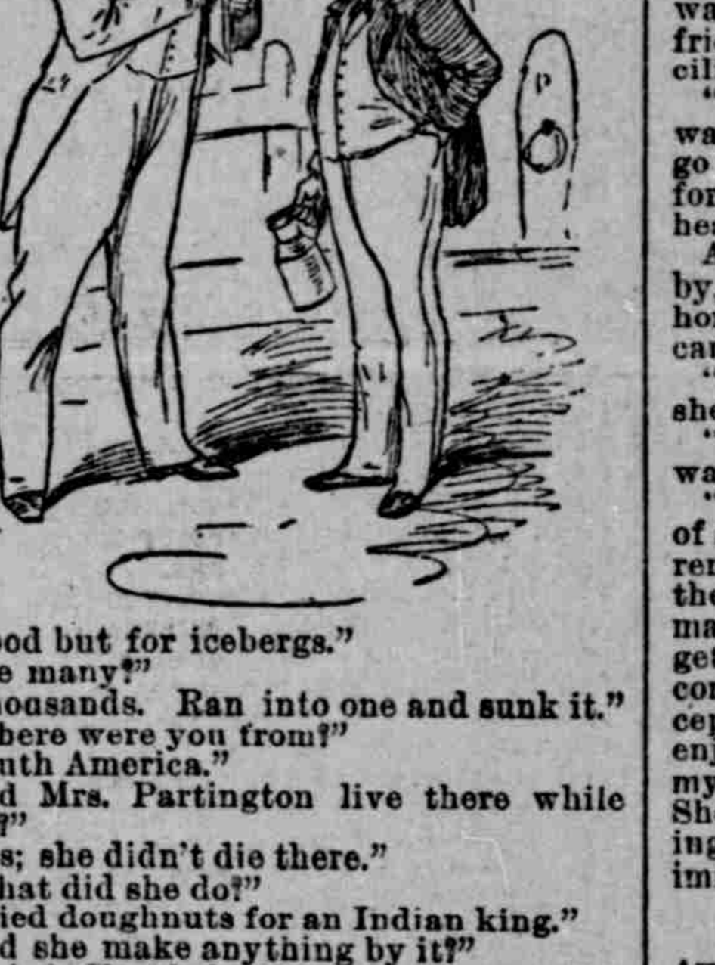
"Pardon me, ma'am for intruding," said he, seating himself on her trunk, taken out for transportation; "we have a public duty to attend to, and feel that the health of the community rests upon us, and therefore if we are remiss down she goes."

"Have a bit of toast and a cup of coffee," said Mrs. Partington; "you look delicate yourself, and some can't breathe the air of the docks with impurity."

"I don't care if I do," replied he; "the air is a little freakish."

In the meantime the sentinal on the wharf had collared Ike for an interview.

"What sort of a voyage have you had?"



"Good but for icebergs."

"See many?"

"Thousands. Ran into one and sunk it."

"Where were you from?"

"South America."

"Did Mrs. Partington live there while away?"

"Yes; she didn't die there."

"What did she do?"

"Fried doughnuts for an Indian king."

"Did she make anything by it?"

"Make! You'd better believe she did. Brought back three trunks full of gold dust, and diamonds, as big as hens' eggs, enough to shingle a meeting-house."

"Isaac!" came a voice from below, and he left his interlocutor, note-book in hand.

"Isaac," said Mrs. Partington, "this gentleman will tell you where to find your Aunt Belinda; go and tell her I will come to her as soon as I can procure a curriculum."

He was put into a horse-car and soon performed his mission, followed immediately by Mrs. Partington in a herdic.

"Good gracious!" said she, capsized by a sudden lurch, "this is more decomposing than riding out a gale. Dear me! there it goes again, and by the time I get to Belinda's I shan't know which end my head is on. I shall be all black and blue, and it will take a whole bottle of anarchy to cure the depravity."

She held on as well as she could, and, beyond striking her "funny bone" against the door-frame and cracking a window-pane

against which she was thrown, she soon reached her destination, where she was warmly welcomed. Cousin Si had told that she was coming this voyage, and so they were prepared for her.

The reporter had taken a seat with the driver, and, going on, had been seen by others of the vigilant craft, who, suspecting his purpose, had followed, and were ready, note-book in hand, to interview the distinguished absentee and passenger by the Seven Pollies.

Two parties are generally essential for an authentic interview (as an autobiography or an autograph is to be valued by the fact of being written by the individual claimed) and the absence of the one interviewed derogates from its correctness. Thus Mrs. Partington refused to be a party in that interview. For hours the house on Sycamore street was besieged by interviewers. The door-bell rang an incessant peal. They invironed the house, boosted one another up to look into the bower windows, and one climbed up by a grape vine to a second-story window that had been left unguarded and would have entered but for a misstep that sent him down by the run. They caught Ike and tried to bribe him, but he had exhausted his fund of information at the wharf. After hours of effort their forces withdrew, each prepared to draw upon prolific fancy for facts, and the diverse reports that appeared were living testimonials of phenomenal genius. All had seen her, and the accounts she had given of her disappearance and adventures were most marvellous.

One assumed, from her own lips, to describe her travels in Europe. She had hobnobbed with Queen Victoria and flirted with the Prince of Wales; had spent some time in Paris among the Parishioners, been to Cologne for the benefit of the waters, went through the Simpleton pass to Switzerland, and to Berne to cool off; thought Mount Blank a small hill compared with Mount Washington, and none of the Horns were equal to Powder-horn, in her own vicinity at home; she had seen Rome, and the leaning tower of Pison, suggesting that it should be shored up; had sat down on

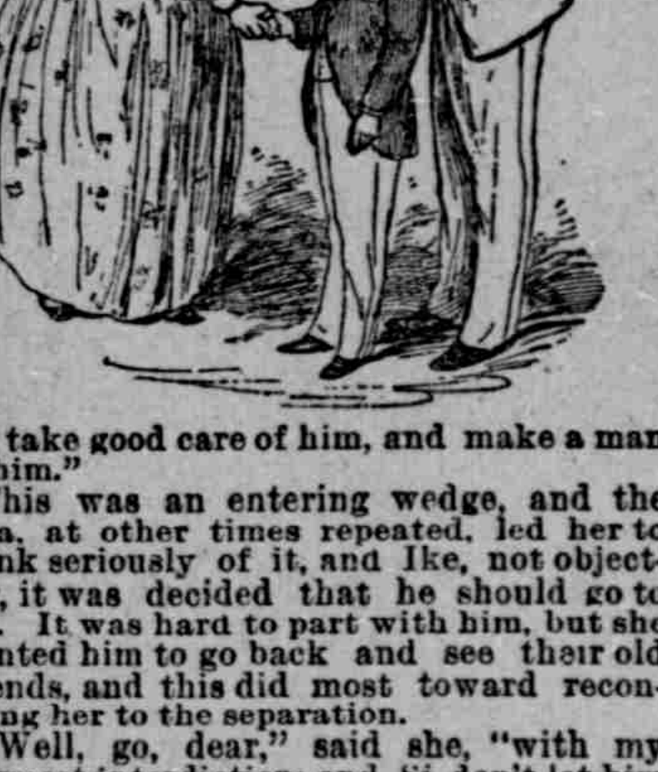
the steppes of Russia; went to Naples to see Mount Vociferous, but it wasn't eructiating, and, in short, to close a colume description, she had seen every obstacle of interest, and had now come home to enjoy her opium cum digitalis in peace and obscurity. The report was a masterly effort, and fifteen editions of the paper hardly served to supply the immense demand.

Ike's information given to the sentinel on the wharf was also published, with embellishments, illustrated with a cut, from an actual life drawing, showing Mrs. Partington's mode of frying doughnuts.

"Belinda," said Mrs. Partington, after reading these things about herself, "Belinda, I've always had the presumption that Anonymous and Sophia were too severely dealt with for telling one lie, and Peter, who knew how it was himself, was the last one to condemn them, but my heart aches for them now, when we see lying like this, without any equivalent, and all the town laughing at it. Poor Anonymous!"

Mrs. Partington gave herself up to old-time pursuits and pleasure, illuminating by her wise sayings every circle she entered. The boy Ike was still a family appendant, and though a little subdued by time, was a "human boy" still, with many of his old characteristics.

"Auntie," said Captain Si, "Ike is too old to be tied to your apron-strings. He'll make a capital sailor. Why not let him go with me?



I'll take good care of him, and make a man of him."

This was an entering wedge, and the idea, at other times repeated, led her to think seriously of it, and Ike, not objecting, it was decided that he should go to sea. It was hard to part with him, but she wanted him to go back and see their old friends, and this did most toward reconciling her to the separation.

"Well, go, dear," said she, "with my warmest interdiction; and, Si, don't let him go up the rope ladders at night, will you? for he had a tendency of brains to the head and might be elusionary."

And so he went, to become a man by and by, should he live and grow up, and reflect honor on the name of Partyngetone, which came in with the Conqueror.

"And where are the little girls I left?" as she so called a number whom she missed.

"They were tired of being missed," she was told, "and had got married."

"Well, well," she replied, taking a pinch of snuff, and handing out her box with the remark that they didn't "take snuff half the time;" "well, well, there seems to be a manammonia among girls, nowadays, for getting married, but it is an honorable compilation, as the good book says, and acceptable of great happiness, if they only enjoy themselves. Bless them! they have my best wishes for their conjugation." She here switched off to a side-track leading to other subjects and was soon deeply immersed.

A Beginning.

American Commercial Traveler.

Applicant—I should like to engage in journalistic work, sir.

Editor—Any experience?

Applicant—No, sir.

Editor—Have to begin at the bottom, then. Might assign you to some police court, outside district.

Applicant—All right, sir. But why not let me try my hand on the prize-fight this afternoon?

Editor—Prize-fight! Great Scot! You must be crazy. If you work up to the prize-fight in ten years you'll do well. Here, though, you might try your hands on this "swell reception" for this evening. Here's a French dictionary and a dictionary of musical terms over there. That's all you need. Get copy in by 12:15, sir.

Street-Car Manners.

Boston Transcript.

A lady and gentleman enter a car at the same moment—the former by the rear door, the latter by the front. The gentleman hastily appropriates the only vacant seat, which happens to be next to an individual who is evidently not a total abstainer. The inebriated party, rising from his seat, offers it to the lady, remarking at the same time, "Madam, I offer you my seat; I am drunk to-day, but to-morrow I shall be sober; as for that man there," pointing to the one who had just set down, "he is a hog to-day, and will be a hog to-morrow."

Outlook for Authors.

Puck.

The latest scheme for elevating the masses is to present a book with every bar of soap. Literature will soon become so cheap that authors will have to take in washing.

RAILWAY TIME-TABLES.

From Indianapolis Union Station.

Pennsylvania Lines.

East—West—South—North.

Trains run by Central Standard Time.

Leave for Pittsburg, Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia and New York, d 4:30 a m., d 2:55 p m., d 5:30 p m.

Arrive from the East, d 11:40am., d 12:50 pm., and d 10:20 pm.

Leave for Columbus, 9:00 am.; arrive from Columbus, 3:50 pm.; leave for Richmond, 4:00 pm.; arrive from Richmond, 9:40 am.

Leave for Chicago, d 10:35 am., d 12:20 am.; arrive from Chicago, d 4:05 pm.; d 3:55 am.

Leave for Louisville, d 4:00 am, 7:35 am., d 4:10 pm., 5:20 pm. Arrive from Louisville, 9:50 am., d 10:30 am., 5:50 pm., d 12:15 am.

Leave for Vincennes and Cairo 7:25 am., 4:10 pm.; arrive from Vincennes and Cairo; 10:30 am., 5:10 pm.

d, daily: other trains except Sunday.

The GREAT I. B. W. Route — EAST AND WEST

On and after Sunday, Jan. 26, trains of this road will arrive and depart from the Indianapolis Union Station as follows:

Leave, going East..*7:15 p.m. *4:00 a. m.

Leave, going West....*7:45 am 11:15 p. m., 12:05 noon, 5:00 p. m.

Arrive, from East..*7:30 a. m. *10:30 p. m.

Arrive, from West....*6:45 p m., *3:40 a m, 2:40 pm 10:15 a. m.

*Daily, City Ticket-Office, 138 South Illinois street.

VANDALIA LINE—SHORTEST ROUTE TO ST. LOUIS AND THE WEST.

Trains arrive and leave Indianapolis as follows:

Leave for St. L., 7:30 am, 11:50 am, 1:00 pm, 11:05 pm, 7:00 pm.

Greencastle and Terre Haute Accom........... 4:00 pm

Ar. from St. L., 3:45 am, 4:15 am, 2:50 pm, 7:45 pm, 5:20 pm.

Terre Haute and Greencastle Accom.......... 10:00 am

Sleeping and Parlor Cars are run on through trains. For rates and information apply to ticket agents of the company or H. R. DERING, Assistant General Passenger Agent.